

# AGE OF PROGRESS

The development of Spiritual Truth is the achievement of human freedom.

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WHOLE No. 64.

## Lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy.

We have had a course of lectures on this all-important subject, in this city, since our last issue, by Rev. S. B. BRITAN, of the New York *Spiritual Telegraph*. Last winter we had A. J. DAVIS here, who delivered a course of lectures on the same subject. On both occasions, we were fortunate and unfortunate. We were fortunate on each of these occasions, in having a lecturer who was not only master of the subject, but master of the sublime art of making every sentence tell upon the understanding of every appreciative listener. On each of these occasions there was a storehouse of knowledge opened to those who attended, which was rich in all the treasures of science, philosophy and phenomenal truth. But, on each of these occasions, we had an almost continuous storm, which rendered it nearly impracticable for persons with delicate constitutions—particularly females—to attend.

There are always some who are willing to undergo a few moments of physical inconvenience, and even suffering, for the sake of enjoying such intellectual feasts as we had on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday evenings last, at Townsend Hall; but, unfortunately, they are few compared to those who *hark* for a moment to the howling storm, and then, tortoise-like, shrink from the moment's effort, draw their heads within their shells, and pass into their usual intellectual torpidity. And more unfortunately, they are fewer still, compared with those who leap over all obstacles, not regarding even the gripe of pecuniary paucity or the stern demands of family necessities, to go abroad in quest of sensual gratifications, and to witness caricatures of human fallibilities, which are, *per se*, only caricatures of the personating art.

We much regret that circumstances prevented a more general attendance upon Mr. BRITAN's lectures. Such minds and geniuses as his, are, like stars of the first magnitude, but here one and there one, in the hemisphere; and, consequently, their visits to the various localities in the country, can be but seldom. And we have another and a more important circumstance to regret; which is, that there seems to be a disposition, even among spiritualists, to render this kind of intercourse impracticable. We had, at the morning meeting of the Harmonial Association, a discussion and a vote, which seemed to aim at cutting off all such intellectual supplies as we have been in the habit of receiving from distant localities. We know that such a result was foreign from the intentions of the gentlemen whose arguments tended in that direction; but we also know that good intentions do nothing towards warding off the evil effects of deleterious counsel and conduct.

The Presiding officer was requested to make known to the brethren there assembled, that some brethren had resolved to make an effort to raise a small fund by subscription, to be used for the benefit of the society, in procuring lecturers, or in the promotion of the cause of spiritual progress, in any other way which might be deemed expedient; and he was farther requested to make known that a subscription book had been opened for that purpose, and that any one who should choose to do so, might subscribe to the fund, as his circumstances and disposition might dictate. This was no business of the Association, as such; because it did not propose any involuntary tax, or any action of the organization. It amounted to no more than a notification that there was an opportunity for each individual to act his own pleasure about contributing or withholding his own money. This, contrary to any result which could have been anticipated from a true understanding of the case, brought members of the Association to their feet, who seemed to

have understood Timothy that *Money*, instead of *The love of money*, is the root of all evil. They seemed to see a Gorgon's head, all covered with serpents, in each dollar of money that might be contributed to aid the cause of spiritual progress, notwithstanding that they have never seemed to shudder or quake at the accumulation of that moral and spiritual poison, in their own coffers, when it comes in the shape of fair profits from a legitimate business.

Now, let it be understood that we are not censuring these men for the entertainment or expression of any sentiment which they may have conceived. They have a right to their sentiments, and to the privilege of expressing them; and we claim the same right to entertain and express counter opinions, and to give our reasons therefor. We live in an age and in a country when and where all business transactions between men, all commerce between community and community, nation and nation, country and country, is done through the mediumship of that representative of value called money. Not only so, but the friendships, the affections, the soul's dearest love, are transmitted by the agency of money; and without the intervention of this ever-present and all-pervading agent, no sympathising soul, no loving heart could know whether its hallowed emotions were reciprocated by the distant friend or not.

There are a few follies which are becoming rife among spiritualists, which should be eradicated whilst they are young; and this one which sees a devil in every dollar which is required in the propagation of the spiritual gospel, is not the least important of them. Another, which is near of kin to it, is that which would blindly reject and condemn every thing pertaining to the orthodox church. "This paying of preachers with money," says the spiritualist, who speaks as he is influenced by his prejudices, "is the rock on which the orthodox church has been stranded." Softly, good brother—that ship has not yet been stranded, nor will she be in eighteen centuries more, if she do not run upon any other rocks than that of her external organization and discipline. On the contrary, she has, in her interior, the seeds of dissolution, which would long since have caused her destruction, if she had not put forth her energies and procured the most skilful physicians, and the most competent navigators, to keep her thoroughly drugged, and in deep water.

We would, by no means, recommend following the example of the orthodox churches, by hiring stationary preachers of spiritualism, at high salaries, and confine them to the advocacy of any specific articles of faith. But we would be willing to see our brethren contribute their pecuniary means to the procurement of the best philosophy and talent which may be had in the spiritual connection, to show the people of our locality the difference between the truths of our spiritual philosophy, and the errors of that same orthodoxy, which has so strongly entrenched itself by the powers of intellect and eloquence.

That sickly prejudice which stands aghast at everything orthodox, might as well reject the shape of the roof which covers the orthodox church, the cut and material of an orthodox christian's garment, the number of wheels to their carriages, or the mechanical instruments with which they perform their handicraft labor, as to reject the medium of exchange which they use in their labors to disseminate their false doctrines. It is fashionable for orthodox clergymen and their followers to breathe the atmosphere of the earth, drink the water which flows in its veins, and eat the products of its soil, as well as to use the circulating medium which is common to nearly the whole family of man, in their



commercial, social and religious intercourse and relations. As naturally might we think of rejecting all the others as the last named, if we are governed by no better principle than that of avoiding the use of everything which is used by the orthodox church.

There is another folly which affects to repudiate the idea of remunerating spiritual lecturers and media for their travelling expenses and their time, when they are constantly employed in promulgating the truth and transmitting the wisdom of angels from heaven to earth.—What is spiritualism, that it is not to be supported, so far as human propagation is concerned, by the means common to a general humanity? Is it a great miracle, which has nothing to do with nature? If it is, away with it — it is not of God, and good men should have nothing to do with it. If it be of God, which we not only believe, but *know*, it is consistent with Nature's laws, and it is as much the duty of those to whose stewardship it is entrusted, to cultivate and dispense it, as it is to cultivate and dispense any other blessing which God, thro' nature, bestows upon His children. How is this duty to be accomplished? We are not yet so spiritualized that we can live as they are said to live in the kingdom of heaven—without meat or drink. Nor are we yet so etherealized that we can will our way through the trackless air, independently of railroads, steamboats, and other sublunary conveyance. Hence it is necessary that those laborers should be sustained on mundane principles; and the means which is common to all communities of men, and which pervades all social systems, is the proper means to be used to sustain and remunerate them, mauger all far-fetched and fine-spun Utopian notions.

Money, we admit, might be dispensed with if the human family were all organized into such societies as FOURIER advocates; but as it will probably take some time to accomplish such an organization of all mankind, we shall have to endure the presence, and accept the mediatorial office, of money, till Avarice is thoroughly uprooted and cast out from the human soul. This spiritualism can do, and will do, if it be allowed to work according to the wisdom of its angelic ministers, and men do not get frantic and attempt the transition of the whole human race, from mundane frailty to celestial purity, at a single bound.

#### Allegorical.

A dog, who considered himself too honest and respectable to be a sheep-killer, saw a wolf catch an innocent lamb, and saw him tear open its veins and arteries and lap the gushing blood, and saw him tear and swallow its quivering flesh and chew its bones. The well-meaning dog despised the wolf for his heartless cruelty, in thus destroying the emblem of innocence and purity, for the gratification of his voracious appetite. And he the more heartily despised the wolf, because he knew that he had gotten the lamb into his power by pretending to be a shepherd's dog, instead of the wolf that he was, and destroyed it whilst under the guise of its protector. Glad was the indignant dog when the cruel brute was chased away out of the part of the country where he committed the murderous deed.

Some time afterward, the wolf wrote back to a sheep with whom he had made acquaintance when he pretended to be a shepherd's dog, and invited her to send her lamb to the place whitherto he had fled, and allow it to stay a few days under his protection. The dog that so heartily detested the treacherous wolf, for the innate depravity of his nature, hastened to the sheep and intimated his astonishment that the vile brute should presume to make such an attempt where he was so well known. Expecting to find a similar manifestation in the mind of the sheep, he barked aloud with chagrin when she stamped her foot and bleated her conviction that the wolf had met a geni, who had metamorphosed him into a real shepherd's dog, such as he represented himself to be when he destroyed the lamb which was placed under his protection. And the sheep, still bleating more gruffly, upbraided the dog for his want of christian charity, and asked him if he had heard aught against the moral character of the wolf since he had been in his present location? The dog said he knew him to be very capable of

dissimulation and treachery; and although he might not have destroyed any lambs in the locality to which he had fled, it might well be because the name which followed him prevented him from getting any into his power. I do know, however, continued the dog, that he took the remnant of the murdered lamb's carcass with him, and has been licking and munching the bones ever since. As soon as they become unpalatable to him, he will, doubtless, use his wiles to lure another into his den. I think I see signs now that he is looking out for prey; nor do I believe a word of what he says in relation to the metamorphosis, by the geni. I might believe him if he had not so frequently pretended to be changed into a shepherd's dog, and as frequently proved himself the same ferocious brute.

Here the dog ceased barking his uncharitable sentiments; and the sheep looked at him, and shook her head, as if she thought him a full blooded "Snarleyow." The poor dog slunk away, feeling that he had been treated as most human philanthropists are, when they interpose their friendly offices to save persons from the fatal effects of their own blindness; and he almost resolved never again to yelp a syllable of interposition between any wolf and its intended victim.

#### Spiritual Communication.

The following letter and lecture, purport to come from an Indian maiden, named NEOMA, who professes to be, and doubtless is, the guardian spirit of a young lady at Lewiston, whom she addresses as 'KATE.' They come to us through the mediumship of Miss Brooks:

MY FINITE FRIEND:—I come from my home among the skies, where the angels dwell in sweetest concord, with the harmonies of their home eternal, to gently fling the melting influence of hope o'er thy warm heart, whose liquid music of purity and effusion, by the gentle hand of time, will, in its unchanged existence, softly touch the quivering strings of immortality, and chant with the angels, their adoration, to God.

Attraction is the soul of our affection; and though I was once the offspring of the red man, and my voice has echoed through the forest woods, and my foot-prints were impressed upon the velvet surface of nature, yet these outward events do not control the love of the soul; and it is, very gentle friend, by inherent attraction that I seek your home, where Niagaras ponderous current rolls on to join Ontario in its voiceless utterances of the harmony of its Maker.

Then check not your heart's fondest thoughts, nor interrupt hope's golden dream. Though youth may fly on rosy pinions, still let your heart with rapture swell. And hope will attune its lyre to love, while heaven's dews fall in beauty on your soul. If your bosom should learn to brook sorrow's heedless flow, a fair form will be there to bind up the reeds of thy heart, while Neoma, the true and pure, will chase away the dimming tear, and whisper to thee of heaven.

Affectionately,

NEOMA.

#### LECTURE,

*Affectionately Dedicated to Kate, from her Angel Guardian, Neoma.*

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

From the infinite realms of creation, to the unfoldments of finite existence, are revealed the stupendous and mechanical powers and principles of that unknown and unseen source. As the worlds which exist as diadems on the brow of queenly night, when, by organic changes, twilight folds itself over Nature's broad expanse, through each and every department, do we behold a miniature heaven of Deity. The blushing flower points its petals towards eternity's home, as if reaching out for that deep and undefinable love which connects all things in order and harmony with the diviner revealments of heaven. The leaf trembles when the natural air lightly touches its surface, as if playing its part in the uniformity of Nature's laws, while every tissue and fibre of its construction, is a speaking forth of a deific principle, impregnated within.

The crystal drop, also, is, through all its stages of development, an



eternity of itself, revealing the beneficence and mighty works ultimated into specific forms of being, by the hand of the stupendous Architect. It is a prison through which are reflected the lights and beauties of heaven, displaying, in every new unfoldment, the wisdom of the skies. The universal heaven opens to the eternal gaze the long hidden virtues and truths of mind, which have long been immersed in the founts of divine wisdom, but concealed beneath the incrustations of misdirected understandings, from the soul's inner vision. The granite and coral reef in all their transformations of beauty distinctly speak forth the power of the great Omnipotent's principle of motion. Every atomic particle in its onward course and specific sphere, reveals the justice of the upper skies, where everything of life eternal is beautiful of itself. The bright universe of finite existence, still rolling on with innate force, unseen in its silent ascensions, reveals the breathing harmony of immortality; and the mutual music of Nature's elements mingles with the melodies of the spirit home, until every blest tone of harmony rises on pinions of eternity, to breathe forth the love of the angels beneath the sky. The deep echo of immortality is heard within old ocean's rocky bed, in the dashing of every wave upon its sand-formed shore; and the all-pervading and far-moving principle of progress, wreathes itself into myriads of forms of being. The blush of earth, embracing with it something of heaven, tinged with celestial aspects, radiated with the beauties of the sun-bow of truth, which bends o'er its arched skies, shows of itself immortality. Earth is not a void, a chaos of solitude where the immortal nature of mind knows no uprising. Error may plunge deep into the ocean of truth, but, like an ebbing wave, will be dashed back into the unfathomable gulf of the past. The outward may lose its bloom, and the strange, hectic glow upon the cheek, but it is like autumn when it plants its hue upon the perished leaf, which is but an index of the re-appearance of the soul, in the realms of eternity. The unbounded spirit knows no limits. It must follow creation in its course, and learn the language of another world. Mind may be stript of its mortality, but the change only makes the mind a minister of the Almighty, whose cloudless clime and deep blue skies the sweet impress of love and wisdom forever bear.

The monarch minstrels sweep the quivering strings of Creation's mighty lyre, while each tone given vibrates with the chords of heaven. The bursting spirit trembles not on the verge of eternity, fearing to overleap that sphere of change and cling to being's finite link; but immortality is unseen and almost undiscovered, and the soul stands affrighted at its own mysterious mechanism, while the wild, deep strain of joy bursts the heavy heart, whose warm beatings, in sleepless silence, is awakened in heaven, where the notes of angel joy linger round the untrodden sphere of infinitude forever. The cypress may wave in tender bloom, and the rose unfold its leaves o'er the grave of some loved heart, and sorrow may lightly tread o'er the lifeless sod; yet the disembodied spirit is fixed in its own eternity, moves on in its own heavenly way, and rolls back in the fulness of thought, through chaos, to where finite life first had its birth, and from thence traces from analogy all succeeding births, and ultimately comprehends its own divinity. The soul is not a melancholy star, whose tremulous beams are reflected from some unseen world; nor in night beams of sorrow doth it watch the movements of other souls; but it hath sunned itself in beauty's heaven, until its every feeling has grown tender and looks down from the skies as the infant gazes into its mother's tender countenance, and is resplendent with the halo which encircles the entire creation.

Error may dwell deep in human hearts, encompassed in its own dark shroud; but, still forth flies that electric dart, vivid with thought, which entwines around the undefined soul, as in all its forms of being it hath been robed with immortality, whose lineaments in beauty beamed, while, panting outward, thought laved its bleeding form in the bright waters of truth. Whirlwinds of strife may surround thee with the lowering atmosphere of finite thought; but still this must seek its congenial vista in the departing past, while truth, unbent, will encircle the

central heart of animate life. The humble harmonist of earth has its affinity to God, while daring genius stands upon the bridge of time, gazing upon the sublime waters which roll so majestically on, uttering in every ripple a holy concord and glorious sympathy, which breathing harmony brings from the universe of divine wisdom.

There is a spirit charm in Nature, which can not die; and as the summer twilight of youth weeps itself away into eternity, 'tis not harsh sorrow which unlocks the spring of tears, but the crystal drop is a dew-drop of the soul falling upon the human heart, as an evidence of its existing love, beyond the finite world. The sparkling segments of the circling soul, form a part in the wondrous whole, and nature, whether finite or infinite, is but a throbbing heart in the stupendous body of immensity.

The great arch-work of Nature, by organic motion, presents itself to the mind, stamped with the impress of its own divine origin. This is observable in every modification of anatomy and form in nature, and also demonstrates that the mental and physical composites of man are still onward in their tendencies and results. The forms and entities existing, are merely productions of nature, or modifications of the material elements composing the outer universe. All things definitely have their atmosphere, their influx and reflux, and their inspiration and exultation; and every particle in the whole fabric of existence, is governed by the same organic law. And the perpetual revolutions and intervolutions, and the beauty and harmony exhibited in every part and interstice of nature, displaying a uniform exactness in the path which they travel, manifests indications of a universal justice, and an instinctive attachment of God to every object of animate life.

Throughout the vast ocean of organic life, all functions and forces perform their specific works, with the most perfect equity, and govern organic mental nature according to its construction, without intentional or accidental impediment, or violation of the physiological laws of life. The numerical extent and diverse modes of refinement, which no mathematical calculation has reached, demonstrate the harmony of the mighty whole, and speak decisively and impressively of the unbounded wisdom of God, generated in every moment of life, through the channel of mind, from the bosom of the interior world.

The inconceivable adjustments of nature and the mathematical precision of its laws, prove that there is motion and constant unchangeable action in matter, which is the elaboration of all forms and constructions existing in the rudimental world. Mind possesses the essence and attributes of Deity; and its inward voice is but the whisperings of Deity in the soul, whose every revolution is an outbirth of interior wisdom, implanted in the human organization by laws instituted in nature. Matter and spirit have been regarded as distinct elements and qualifications of God; but science proves their connection; and to unite the whole operations and mutations of nature's inherent properties, through all the intermediate realms of being, to mind, matter and eternal motion, must be a unity—one distinct and independent quality of the Eternal Oneness, or else all things must, in proper changes of existence, die.

Metaphysical researches have failed in proving that mind is an ultimate of the elementary particles and compositions of matter; for all nature is governed by the same impulses and energies; and mind can not have had its origin from some independent and indefinite chance. As the heart sends forth its arterial blood, throughout all the indescribable parts and arteries of the outer form, it demonstrates that the activity created must be controlled by intelligence; and so is it with creation. As organic activity pervades every interstice of nature, it fully demonstrates an intelligent principle, somewhere in the worlds of eternity; and all those who attempt to refute the legitimate facts deduced from nature's economy, do not base their reason upon truth, and their thoughts are shrouded in the inextricable and impenetrable mystery, which is the result of ignorance.

By virtue of concentration and analogical application, mind may generically and collectively prove for itself the facts of mind and its relation to matter. The future individualization of the intellectual powers



of mind, beyond the outer identity of its individuality, may be forcibly realized, not by the legitimate inductions of other minds, but by self alone, if mind would refer to nature for facts, and not to antiquity's classical page for uncertainties.

In all cases, the first is positive, while its ultimate is negative. Hence mind is negative to God, and has the power to learn of that God, by the inner senses, through the diversified channels of visible nature. There is a great perversion of the affections and interior elements which constitute the spiritual nature; and the age has arrived when a different system of ethics should be instituted, in the moral world.

Mind has relied too much upon educational inculcations, and has not noticed beauties of its own individuality. It has neglected those inherent qualities which are the smiles of an archangel within, whose every hope and feeling is referable to some cause beyond its grasp. The reaction and transmutation of every emotion of the soul indicates an order and uniformity beyond the control of mind. And this cause is of some high and noble omnipotent and eternal intelligent principle; and every mind should investigate for self alone, and nature will kindle within that soul an intellectual flame of reverence and adoration, which will burn brightly through eternity. Though soul-felt meditations may be unbounded, yet they cannot comprehend the high and deep wisdom emanating from the skies. As there are physical laws instituted in outward nature, there are also mental laws instituted in the soul, which, if disregarded, will produce a corresponding result. Mind is a power in nature, by or through which may be unfolded more sublime ultimates, and nature stands forth as a mediator between disbelief and absolute fact. And mind has capacities of thought; and as matter and spirit are one, and as cause and effect are involved in one universal and eternal motion, undulating their own immensity, so is the soul by virtue of its internal power and greatness, a miniature heaven of infinitude—an embryo God, moving on through the ocean of motion and matter, to the more sublime ultimate unfoldments of the great positive cause.

The duration of eternity will produce still mightier beauties and perfection of the mental organization of man. Error is repulsed from the infinite centre of truth, and must be launched to the extremity of its own rudimental circle, for it cannot harmonize with the eternity of worlds which revolve in uniformity and arrangement around the central sun of creation. Error is a cold zone of misdirection, surrounding the immensity of space, but has no affinity with immutable truth, and it must ultimately fall back into chaos, for it has no centre except in the material world—no circular and spiral motions, and must be annihilated. But truth, the great parent of all formation, transcends the utmost conceptions of thought, while its ten thousand orbits or centres roll on in the electric ocean of immortality, evolving light so intense that the human soul seeks refuge from its bright radiations, in the shade of materialism. Its undefinable magnitude is an index of the Great Focus of eternity, whence all the diverging and converging rays of wisdom and love emanate. With an everlasting spontaneousness, truth breathes forth unnumbered worlds, throughout the infinitude of space, and develops correspondences of its own inherent nature, while coeval with time it develops the harmonies of mind and matter throughout nature's vast world of individualized thought.

Affectionately,

NEOMA.

#### For the Age of Progress.

SYRACUSE, Dec. 20, 1855.

Faint with fatigue, and overcome with weariness, a way farer, halted by the wayside, his garments were tattered, and his flesh was scorched by the rays of the burning sun, his limbs were wasted by long fasting, disease was there; and he moaned, friendless and alone: for his native home, did the forlorn one pine, and in weakness and solitude he longed once more to view his native hills and valleys, and reach that mountain cot in which he drew his first breath. Slowly arising and feebly sustaining himself, he bent in supplication, and, O Father! he said, grant this boon to thy servant, grant permission, Great Father! that he may breathe once more, the air of his own native bowers. Gracious God,

sustain him, he does beseech thee infuse vitality within his sinking energies, give freedom to his limbs, that he may reach his home, and there to inhale, if but for a moment, the genial breath of Heaven, as it comes from his native forests; grant this, O Father! and thy servant will meekly bow in obedience to thy will. But ah! do I already feel the approach of death! or is it that I am famishing with thirst; I faint, and my sight becomes dim and fixed; O Death! deal not thus unkindly with me, spare thy victim, stay thy grasp while he has power to move, stay! I command thee! approach not with that icy coldness, which already freezes my blood! I faint, I lose my hold on Earth, and O Father! receive me! Thus the stranger passed from Earth to Heaven, and thus did his God receive him; the way farer departed, and though no earthly being was nigh to give him succor, his Heavenly Father knew his wants, and extended to him a helping hand. He passed, and now is among those spirits, who in their heavenly home, sing praises in their Father's name. This wanderer and sufferer on earth finds balm and consolation; long has he been in his spirit home, and invokes blessings on the power, which gave him his release.

The story of the way farer is no fiction, he lived on earth and died in misery, a stranger in a strange land.

SELAH.

#### Another forest-bred Angel, to another embryo Angel in the flesh.

Such effusions as these, from the spirits of Nature's unpolished children, are enough to make the feeling soul almost recoil from civilization and its heartless, artificial refinements.

We learn that KATE and MARIAN are of the same family, on the banks of the Niagara:

GENLE FRIEND:—From the same world we all gather flowers, and the memory flings its sheen over many outwardly perished ones. I dwelt in the wild woods where, with bow and arrow, I bounded over craggy rocks and mossy dales; and you, my friend, dwell, a cultivated flower, in the garden of nature.

Our destinies truly differ, yet the Promethean spark which burns within the soul, can never be quenched by the dissimilarities of destiny. With paddling oar and dancing prow, my light canoe bounded over each wave, like some bright fairy of the far off world, whilst, with cultivated tastes and refinements, you exist in the pride of the age and genius of the day. But this can not separate true souls; and like a seraph minstrel of some untaught melodies does WAHNENA come to you on the banks of that gladsome stream, whose convulsions and quietness miniature forth, on the canvas of creation, the beautiful and infinite laws of mind.

WAHNENA, arrayed in the robes of purity and wisdom, stands by your side when joy echoes through the silent chambers of your soul, and is by your side when sorrow convulses the fond beatings of your heart. And if thy heart should tire of earth, lift its wounded wing towards heaven, and the angel will bathe it in the refreshing dews of the skies, and, on soft pinions, it will soar far away into the realms of immortality, where the intersected lines of thought never shade the brow or cloud the heart. Remember WAHNENA.

Very respectfully, your spirit friend,

WAHNENA.

#### LECTURE.

*Dedicated to Marion, in affection and tenderness, by her immortal friend, Wahnen.*

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

From youth to age we gather flowers, and they fade from our gaze. We pluck them from the banks of affection's stream, and we analyze the outward leaves and petals, judging of the soul from external evidences. We gather them from the sea-side, where the white capped wave refreshes them when thirsting, while we gaze upon their beauty, forgetting they are of God. We cull flowers from beneath the forest shade, where the blue dome of heaven arches over the expanse of nature; and in spring-time we behold flower after flower raise their tiny heads from beneath their wintry bed, and we forget that, in that simple change, is a world of thought and wisdom, sufficient to establish the existence of a cause positive to the negative indications and ultima-



tions of the material empire of being. We gather flowers from the garden of the heart; but, alas! they, too, fade, when the simoon of human wrong sweeps fearfully across the soul's bright oasis. We cull flowers from sympathy's dewy field; but they, too, wither, and seek their home above; and all that we gaze upon and love, seems first to perish. Infant beauty gently throws its morning freshness over the heart, while, with mild and peaceful motion, its throbbings long to mingle with the loved of heaven. Thus flowers fade. They decay, but in the Eden of love, where angels live, there exists each Spiritual flower in perfection. Outward nature is like gazing upon Niagara's sprays, when the winds of Ontario baptize them in the molten prismatic beauties of the rainbow—they disappear to re-ascend in greater loveliness. If the flowers of the soul bloom not again, why do they point their petals towards the skies, with such high aspirations, seeming to leap like silvery spray from the temple of the heart? Why doth the ocean of mind flow in April torrents, upon the uprising soul, leaving the thousand streams of truth to flow in harmony to mingle with eternity's glad waters? Why is the soul cradled upon the bosom of nature, while the angels stoop to kiss the tear from the fevered brow, and in celestial melody, tell us of God, and of a higher destiny than that of earth, if there be not something beyond, to satisfy the yearning soul?

Low breathed accents are wafted on the air, filled with deepened thought, while a star arises in the distance of the mental heavens; and what are those soft strains of joy—what that effulgent star? It is the sublime and glorious star of eternity, whose surface is peopled with the forms of beauty, which have long since faded from the gaze of foul hearts; and those exquisite tones of love are elicited from angel souls, who fain would love as they ne'er loved before. A thousand nameless notes come sweeping over the earth, in one grand and living sound, while the tremendous vibrations of the soul flit athwart the vault of heaven, where the worlds of creation revolve in the sublimity of beauty, through the rounds of eternity, while truth, rolling in mighty volume towards the infant sea of human life, beautifies and embellishes the earth.

The sylvan choirs of eternal song are warbling, upon the strata of the mind their coronation melodies, while wrapt in the inspiration of poetic strain, they tell us of the dewy nectar which they have sipped from the springs of eternal life, and tell the human heart there is hope beyond the marble monument. Yes, behind the mist of Hades, there are revelations which brighten the countenance of outward nature—there is beauty in the upper skies, and the tide of melody swells and bursts upon the world of finite mind, while, awed, it notes not the power which, unfathomed, rolls in glorious beauty, through the vistas of the soul. Heavenly lutes are swept by angel hands, while the swelling breeze conveys the music elicited therefrom, to earth, and the human heart listens to the joyous strains as the echoed voices of affection are descending from heaven. And now the fading flowers look up and give their sweetest incense to the skies, before they mount to their home eternal. And the soul no longer droops in fear; for the veil hiding immortality has been removed; and now the human heart gazes heavenward, as though it were a joy unutterable to go hence. Souls from above have unbosomed their thoughts and expressions to the human heart, while harmony peals louder praises to the skies.

The human soul is but a flower. Externally it fades, but spiritually rises higher and on to the inculcations taught by God, through His definite forms of creation. Mind is a united whole, whose cruder faculties and properties are modified by the absorbing powers of refinement. Man is a microcosm of the whole united energies and creations of nature, and stands in the material world as an indestructible representative of his Father above. He is a perfection of matter in all its forms and degrees of sublimation, and the living flower from which all favors gravitate to and from lower forms of life. And though he may externally fade, it is but the displaying of order and harmony in the movements of nature, expressing the beauty and grandeur of the great organic laws of life.

Mind is a perfect construction of all the atomic forms in the universe. Motion flows into every atom of primeval matter, by organic laws, and generates new qualities and forms, until, by incessant activity, they become the living soul of man. Motion, inherent in matter, assumes identity in the material world, while intelligence is the perfection of motion and matter. Motion is the parent of the soul; and from its first embodiment into a human form, constantly assumes higher identities of individualized intelligence.

The body is only a form through which the soul, or essence, displays itself in all its forms, to the outer world; and while the spirit enfolds itself in a material form, it exerts the most perfect power over its outward body, and is perpetually, by divine law, distributing life, sensation and motion throughout all its recesses. And the soul is susceptible to reciprocal motion, seeking its correspondential of properties and essences, from every minute department of the universe.

The spirit is only dependent upon the body for its material identity and existence, while its continuous identity is determined by eternal law. Each form of being is a recipient for the influx of subordinate particles of matter, for their recombination and effluxion into higher forms. And each form subserves the purpose of receiving, digesting and transferring atoms, to become constituents of higher identified organizations. By unceasing gyrations, do the degrees of organic matter proceed through and into higher forms of life; and man is the ultimate of the material universe. Deific principles and qualities exist in his soul. God is imaged in the human spirit; and man's identity is determined by the specificness of his own interior possessions. And the position of the human soul is determined by its specific qualities of mind and by its sublimation. From the soul, there spontaneously gushes harmonious sounds, which, in all the indescribable beauties that line the vaulted chambers of the expanded heavens, rolls far away into the regions of the spirit land, there seeking their concord with the angels. The soul clothes itself in the aerial garments of contemplation and meditation, while there are hovering around each, attractive angels, who constantly impart to each faculty the thoughts and expressions which are pencilled upon the broad bosom of the universe.

Mind is perpetually engaged in the evolutions of thought, whose brilliancy extends through the depths of space, and is moving on thro' the grand and stupendous developments of God. Mind is but a flower, whose fragrance goes forth and pervades the expanded universe, while its leaves are tinted with the beauties of the sky, and its petals are nourished by the breath of heaven; and as it sinks into eternal repose, a smile is expressed on its countenance, which is of itself an index of the brightness and resplendent beauty which pervades the spirit land.

Heaven is unblemished by artificiality, and is unspotted by rudimentary intrusions; and souls are joined inseparably together, by ascending and descending affections. The spirit home is surpassingly beautiful and sublime; for there exists continual emanations of love and wisdom, displaying a brilliancy of illumination so beautiful that all lower societies yearn to rise to their spheres. Every thing in heaven blends with inherent affection; and as the waters roll gently against the shore, so does affection flow forth and unfold itself, until it merges into the ocean of wisdom, when it becomes a living germ, deposited in the interior of the heavenly universe. The azure heavens vividly reflect the beautiful thoughts which proclaim the divinity of life and love that flow into and animate the spirit home. The waftings of thoughts from one soul to another, descend continually from the Divine Mind; and the undeveloped soul is received to the bosom of the angels, as the infant is rocked and soothed by the beatings of a mother's heart. And this affection makes glad every spirit in heaven.

All nature is stamped with the spiral progression of the skies; and as the restless soul of earth soars off into the higher spheres, striving to familiarize itself with creation, and employs all its mathematical skill in mapping out the universe, thought expands to its utmost tension, while the soul returns to its physical encasement dissatisfied. Gentle as the unsophisticated dove, do the angels send forth a welcome to hearts be-



neath the sky; and with inviting smiles they bid them bathe in the fount of never ending truth, which is ever illuminating the archway that leads to life immortal. And from earth to heaven there is a united chain of existences, which are the infinite results and ultimates of interior causes.

Truth is a vast mountain, and stands unmoved by the idle speculations of man. Ancient theology has wielded its sceptre and has crushed thousands to the earth, until, at last the human mind dare look towards its God and ask if it lives again. And the mind dare associate science with religion; and by the analytical processes of reasoning, it discovers a constant inclination of all existences towards each other, and that the whole creation sustains a harmonious and united action, in creating new forms of life, and repulsing the extraneous substances, according to the laws of matter and spirit. It also discovers mutual affinities in the specific tendencies of all formations, to their definite ultimations. New developments are springing forth from the great vortex of being, and each is in immediate juxtaposition with each part and particle of nature; while nature is an arch which must be sustained by the association and accumulation of elements, parts, atoms and properties, ascending in spherical forms through the myriad processes of sublimation.

Creation is a frame-work which contains no useless parts; but each part is necessary to the perfection of the mighty whole. And who can gaze upon the stone and say it is useless in the departments of the universe, while it contains strata equal to its primitive force, through its every ultimatum? Who can gaze upon the worlds which deck the heavens with undimmed brilliancy, and say they are voids in creation? Ignorance is the basis of all error; and the mind which sees no uniformity in the stupendous mechanism of nature, is buried in misdirection, and beholds no beauty in the combined results of Deity. All theories of discrepant natures, have arisen from ignorance, and fail in demonstrating to the dignified understanding of man, those laws actuating all things with new acclivities, and with existing harmony. Each paleontological science, in its general application confirms the interior and exterior harmony of nature and God, from the minimum points of the universe, to the united circles of eternity.

Mind receives its every true thought from nature, and through the telescope of the external vision, beholds identities and individualities in the regions of immortality. Mind bears the impress of its God, and should therefore associate itself alone with nature. Nature cannot lose its intrinsic beauty, but will stand until time and truth shall be swallowed up in one chaotic vortex, which can and will never be, if the laws of God are immutable. Through the veins and avenues of creation, never ending truth is constantly emanating; and its internal principles lead, synthetically, to the irresistible conclusion, that there is an eternity for every thirsting soul, somewhere in the realms of infinitude.

Man stands as an emblem of the Great Attribute of Immortality; and though his mind is cast upon the expanded ocean of life, material and eternal, he preserves that life by organic law; and he can never recede in his progress, but must roll on with each wave to the end of time.

Harmony sends its thrilling power forth through the universe, and impresses upon each material flower of nature and mind, the divine message of infinite wisdom and goodness. Hence, as you gather flowers from youth to age, so must you gather from eternity to eternity; and remember, though they fade, they reappear, and that your own soul is but a leaf of the beautiful flower of humanity, which must sooner or later drop from its mother stem, by organic law.

Your Angel Friend,

WAHNEA.

KOONS COMING.

A letter from JONATHAN KOONS, to a gentleman in this city, announces that Mr. K. and suite will be in this city, the last of this week or the first of next. They will make a stand in this city for a few days; of which particular notice will be given in the daily papers.

Republication of the First Lecture,  
By Josephine Bonaparte, through Miss Brooks, Medium.

### THE SPIRIT WORLD.

God is the Father of all. He is the Ruler of every world. He is the first intelligence, and from him all things flow. The spirit world is one of infinite beauty and magnificence. The first sphere of development, is where the interior senses of the spirit are enshrouded in darkness, but is not a locality of darkness. A spirit inhabiting this sphere is one whose perceptions are overshadowed by untrue and chaotic comprehensions. Its construction is of unrefined matter, and it can not progress if the laws of order and wisdom are not observed and studied. The minds of the first sphere return to earth. They long for the associations and enjoyments they left upon earth. They do not admire the beauties and sublimities of their home, and sometimes delight in annoying higher minds when communicating with their earthly friends.

The spirit world is constructed of sublimated matter. It has its trees and bodies of water. It has its flowers and types of every object. We have here bodies of water far greater than your capacious oceans. We have from the drop of water to the small streams, the large rivers and unbounded oceans. We have trees from the small to the large, and in sublimity they may not be compared with the trees of earth for they are far more beautiful. The flowers of the spirit world are incomparably more lovely. The mountains, ravines, the craggy precipices, the cataracts and water falls, are the most sublime works of God's creations.

The spirit's faculties and capacities can not but unfold when contemplating the mysterious workings of God in the spirit world. Groups of angels or spirits eluster around these divine works, and within they feel an impulse to admire and an aspiration for higher glories. They can not see God. They can not behold Him in His power and grandeur. They can not behold the heavenly Father of all, who in His goodness and purity forgets not the lowliest cottager nor the humblest spirit. His goodness and affection are inspired by all objects, and as truth and wisdom flow from the great position of His supremacy and His spirit, each soul realizes His power, and all strive to know from whom such blessings are derived. The God of love speaks in the tiny flowers. His goodness is seen in the mighty deep, whose waves dash onward and onward forever. In the loftiest mind God is there opening the inner self or perception to the elevating power of science and truth. He, through His laws, creates and disorganizes bodies, and gives them an immortal existence in the spirit world.

In the second sphere, the spirits attain a position of truth and goodness; but the minds inhabiting this sphere possess not deep and clear comprehension, because their knowledge of their own being and of God and nature, are limited. They have brighter conceptions of the glorious beauties of universal benevolence, and their perceptions are opened to a better and higher perception of the nature of the spirit and of the goodness of God—of the beauties of His material and spiritual universe than the minds of the first sphere. The elements of the minds of the second sphere of development, are harmoniously exercised by the principle of wisdom; and through this law, order and arrangement are produced.—The uncultivated intuition begins to be developed and exercised by philosophical and ethical themes of thought. The spirits of this sphere can not trace, analogically, principles of their own construction; but, from the principles of perception, they can arrive at a more definite idea of a higher and clearer understanding of their nature, its legitimate functions and future destination.

The third sphere of development is still higher and more beautifully refined than the second sphere. The spirits of this sphere have an instinctive faith in the perpetuation of spiritual and individual existence. The bases upon which rests the individualization of the principles of their minds, are the unfoldings of the laws of association, development and progression, as a living interior manifestation of their own immortal destiny. Their faith is not based upon hypothetical reasoning, but upon the absolute and immutable demonstrations of the laws of creation. The relation which the spheres hold to one another is intimate and harmoniously perfect. In this sphere, the capacities of the spirit are more fully developed, because their desire for the material has gradually decayed, and spiritual aspirations have attracted their minds to the vast and grand laws of the spirit world, which evidently unfolds the divine perceptions



and infinite faculties of their minds. The laws of order, wisdom, harmony and love, are but feebly comprehended by the spirits of this sphere.

In the fourth sphere of development, we behold still higher powers of intelligence manifested. We behold calm and elucidate reasoning and a thorough investigation of the laws, principles and elements of material and spiritual science. Of the laws of construction their comprehensions are true and noble. Their actions and manifestations of wisdom and love, are characteristic of a highly intellectual and infinitely beautiful class of minds. Their conceptions of a divine Father, are yet imperfectly developed. The state of intellectual growth which their minds have attained, is scientific and philosophical; and their comprehensions are endeavoring to grasp the infinite expansion of divine causes. Their improvement in spiritual cultivation, to elaborate their conceptions of God and His laws, are much more advantageous than that of the lower spheres, because their appreciation of goodness and purity is greater than the appreciation of the minds occupying lower spheres of refinement.

The fifth sphere is deeper and richer than all of which I have spoken, and is the one to which I am elevated. The minds of this sphere comprehend, in part, the celestial sweetness flowing from the divine fount of love and the relation of the interior self, with the kind protection of a supreme Father. The elements of each mind are conjoined and consoiated, and occupy specific positions, and perform innumerable functions in the development of their spiritual existence. Their affections are more perfectly governed by the eternal laws of God, and they strive to gratify their deepest and wisest desires, by nobler comprehensions of God.

The progressions and development of the spirits in this sphere, present greater proofs of the original and eternal principles of organization, and have a proper comprehension of those various principles in nature, and the qualities and essence of the spirit world, which spontaneously flow from the great Divine Principle.

Affectionately,

JOSEPHINE BONAPARTE.

Lecture by Daniel Webster.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

### THE EDUCATION OF MAN.

The nation has access to the same foundation of intelligence, and draws information from all sources of accumulating knowledge, which belong naturally and intuitively to the civilized world. In knowledge and matters pertaining to government and social institutions, your country presents more interesting subjects for contemplation and elucidate understanding than all the nations of the old world. The principles of your country are established upon freedom of government, and its foundation is too adamant to be convulsed by feudal monarchies. Its condition now is tending towards mutual peace and prosperity. Its social institutions and the expansive world of scientific knowledge, will resist all religious intolerance; for whatever foreign nations may do for the improvement and refinement of your country, and whatever foreign genius has invented for its interest, America still rises sublimely above every other country in education, social reformation and moral growth.

If we look back two centuries, we find Europe and its states at war. War to sustain particular crowns and to enforce the forms of religious intolerance upon surrounding countries. I yet look forward with noble hope that, by moral and religious liberty, you may staunch the gushing fountains of blood and arrest the struggles of war. By civil liberty you can develop disinterested and successful patriotism, distinct from the achievements of arms. It is true that voices whose first and last accents were for their nation's liberty, are gone from the world of mortality. They will never again arouse the nation to a true sense of justice, nor more, with mortal voice, excite their patriotism to assert their liberties. They will no more impart their treasures of philosophical knowledge, breathe forth their sentiments of parental inspiration, nor give force and beauty to the religion of the civilized world, in the human form. Their intellectual brows quietly repose upon the parent earth. The winds of nature sweep wildly over tombs, where lie the forms of many noble heroes. The stranger can no more seek their hos-

pitality, and through those mighty intellects there, whose classical and historical tastes, whose faculties of conversation, made each fleeting hour thrice dear. Those expansive minds that ranged through the halls of congress, and those heroes of the revolutionary period, whose political sagacity sought the interest of fellow creatures and subdued each panting breath of tyranny, have gone like stars of glory to their native homes. In perfect possession of their divine faculties, and with a cheerful serenity of spirit, they breathed out the breath of earthly life, in the highest honors of their country's freedom. The infant's slumber could not be softer nor sweeter than was their transition to the amaranthine fields of heaven. Their spirits passed on to the bosom of eternity, without a sigh; and where have those advocates of independence gone? Where are the truly great minds that once inhabited the human tenement gone? Are they still united in affection and memory beyond this glorious Union? Education will tell you this. Not political or social education, but the education of nature. The divine education of the spirit will inspire you with grateful and kindly feeling, and you will find a new world filled with fresh and interesting knowledge, well calculated to shake off the tyranny of the mind, whereby you may establish a commerce—a social intercourse, with the intelligence and religious liberty of the spirit world.

Independence, the genius of liberty, has tried her infant voice in the sanctuary of the soul, and has awakened the inactive thoughts on the plain of understanding. And when the mind, thus nearly disenthralled or emancipated from error, assumes the tone of independence, what form of commendation, what language of gratitude can express the value of such independent education!

This era is characterized by a free representative government, and man owes his liberty to these institutions. But what is such a government without religious liberty and social and moral culture? In ages past and gone there was a period when the mighty masters of freedom uttered the voice of liberty and independence, and not a footstep was imprinted upon your continent by civilized men, but what slavishly acknowledged the tyrannical power of the Albion. To-day there is not a heart in America, that would not beat with more heroism to hear that free, independent governments were to be established in foreign countries.

As posterity comes from the bosom of the future, let it not be blasted in its infancy. Let commanding intellects still maintain their dignity of purpose; and as America is free to-day, let it be more so to-morrow. As it is free in its laws, so let it be free in its social and moral reforms. The same fields where rolled the smoke of battle, where men struggled in mortal combat, and where the heroes of the age stood, still exist.—What was it that taught your founders of liberty the principles they have established? Was it political or scholastic education? No, for these institutions of learning were made in their day. It was the inherent education of the soul that inspired them with such moral greatness. Your forefathers did not sit upon the school bench from day to day to acquire the knowledge they received. They did not play upon the school house lawn in the infancy of American wisdom. No, nature surrounded them and glowed with ten thousand glories, which called forth the patriotism of its young heroes. They stole to quiet forests where the insect or innocent warbler seemed to speak a world of philosophy and wisdom. When they rendered their oblations to the Almighty Father, they feared not to bow their forms beneath the waving branches of the forest woods, nor did they blush to kneel upon the plain of the battle field, to pray to God. Contrast that period with to-day. What a difference in the improvement of your native country! To-day you need not pray in the unsophisticated temples of nature, whose roof is the heavens and whose walls are the elements and principles of God. Ah, no, you need not seek nature to sing your songs of praise where the songsters of the skies may join you, but you may make your seat of velvet in the sublime architectural church. You need not kneel upon the ground of nature, but upon the carpeted floor of your artificial temple. Your voice of prayer may not fill creation with its



solemnities, but it can be confined within the walls of your church.— You need not assist the poor and needy, but you may roll in luxury, and be careful that *you* do not suffer. You need not take your seat upon some object in nature, to study its principles and glories, but you may sit upon the easy seat in the institutions of artificial learning, and know nothing of the real value of your own soul.

It is well to see so much skill and power displayed, as we do, in the wealth of nations, for it demonstrates the civilization and refinement of the mind; but man, in his wealth or poverty, should not forget to bend his spirit with instinctive homage to the Divine Ruler, for it is He who has given you the faculties manifested in your nation. It is well for an earthly existence, to have acquired knowledge of the world; but, mean time, you should not forget that higher education which the interior being demands. Human knowledge is but a shadow in the world of eternity. It may shine like a sun-beam on earth, and be empty in itself in heaven. You should search out the forms of unheeded and unpitied misery, and bring out the wretched soul to the light of morality. The intellectual brow bears the stamp of distress, and the face is furrowed with care. The proud deportment of the man of nature, and the dignified step which was bold and intrepid, may, by the convolving circumstances of life, become tremulous and agitated, and it is there that the strong arm of justice and goodness should protect him from the rough winds of mortality.

Let the inherent virtues of the soul be cherished, for every hour brings you nearer to the immediate world, where the mighty power of God is forcibly and sensibly realized. The molten tides of iniquity pour in upon unblemished virtue, while the elements of sensuality form a surface over the interior feelings of the heart. Let your education be of nature, and herald the approaching morning of truth as its mild and lovely beams shed a spirit of tranquility, unmixed with grief, over your soul. Nature beautifies and enlightens the mind. I have seen its influence in the chamber of death, in the qualities of the simple flower laid upon the fading bosom, on the soothing influence of some favorite waterfall of youth, where childhood loved to sport. I have seen its influence upon the proud and lofty spirit of man, where he had, with conscious mind, violated the laws of nature. I have seen such a spirit wilt beneath the influence of nature, as the flower will wilt beneath the burning heat of the sun.

Progression is a fundamental law of our being; and when the nobler works of the mental power are freed from the influence of earth, its education must be derived from nature alone. There is a diversity of talent in the world above, and in the external world. Every mind looks upon the natural education of his being, as an expansive power which shapes his future destiny. The spirits are distinguished by their laborious application of the excellence and power of God, with the elements constituting the life of the outer and mental organization of the spiritual form. What can the earthly man, with no friend to greet, no name to love, have to inspire him? Nought save the visions of heaven. Human life, to him, is a joyless journey.

It is true that many noble faculties of man, are buried in the grave of infamy and degradation, and they bow at the withered shrine where pollution idolizes its own power. When once man has morally erred, he cannot escape its fascinations nor the venom of its fang, for his soul is blanched by the sullied influence of immorality; but when the banquet of earthly hope is refused him, and he finds the Eden of his soul lost upon earth, it can only be regained by the education of his nature, imbibed by, and received from, the Central Fount of his own being.

Fervently Yours,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

#### MARRIAGE BY WHOLESALE:

On the 1st inst., a ceremony as rare as it was interesting, took place at the house of Jessie Chapman, Esq., of Waterford, Oakland county, Michigan.

His four sons, of ages between 20 and 30, and living in different parts of the State, all made their appearance at the paternal mansion, each

with a lady accompaniment, and were followed by a clergyman, who went to work and joined the whole quatrian in the bonds of matrimony, beginning at the eldest and leaving off at the least of age.

After a friendly chat with the "old folks at home," the boys and girls started off on their wedding tour. Go forth, multiply and replenish the earth.

## AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance. Single copies, five cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—For one square of ten lines, one insertion, \$1. For each additional insertion, 25 cents. For one year, \$10.

THE AGE OF PROGRESS IS

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### Answer to Mahan.

We have, in our office, a few copies of "The Telegraph's Answer to Rev. ASA MAHAN."

We conceive this answer to MAHAN to be the most able that we have perused, and so much superior to the book published by that gentleman, in all the characteristics of logical argument, philosophy and science, that we feel, on reading it, as if an amount of power had been used, disproportioned to the object to be accomplished.

### For the Age of Progress.

#### *A Spiritual Communication, through a Lady Medium at Syracuse.*

I would speak to you of the Voyage of Life—a future on which every member of the human family is embarked, and encumbered with numerous vicissitudes, each as varied in character as all are numerous and versatile. Prosperity and adversity, joys and sorrows, pains and pleasures, happiness and misery, comfort and cheerlessness; all these combine to make up the sum, and are apportioned to each individual, such as, by force of circumstances, are destined to become his, and from which he is to derive both gratification and disappointment. The journey may prove prosperous, and success may crown his efforts, or, adversity may overtake him, and the termination of his passage be rough and perilous.

Childhood, happy in its innocence and unprotected by experience with the vivacity of tender years, looks forward, only to, in the distance, a boundless placid surface, on which, buoyant with life and hope, he may spread his sail and glide on, secure from danger. Sanguine of success, he glides on, unsuspecting of adverse winds that may interpose between him and the realization of his bright anticipations. He little dreams that clouds and darkness may be already gathering around and above him, and, surcharged with tempestuous winds, are uniting to burst with fury over his head, causing the tide of misfortune to swell, and engulf him in its vortex. As the fleeting cloud is driven before the wind, or the dew drop is dissipated by the first rays of the summer's sun, so may all his cherished hopes and future prospects be blasted, almost ere they began. The prize which he had conceived already within his grasp, is withheld, and like day-dreams, vanish forever.

Experience, fraught with lessons of reproof and wisdom, comes in after years, to the man of thought; reflection softens down his enthusiasm, and gives ability to overleap difficulties which stand in his way, and which he in his heedlessness, might otherwise unconsciously embrace. Many a bright and alluring vision presents itself, even to the man of thought, and phantom-like, would beckon him to his ruin, and, as an ignis fatuus, plunge him irretrievably into the quagmires of misfortune. The many pit-falls which are ever being placed beneath man's tread, are only to be avoided by the strictest caution; and reason, that monitor implanted in man's bosom as a sure guide, should be cherished



in her truest sense, and no manner of false reasoning should be allowed to win you from a just appreciation of the just and the true.

In your earthly pilgrimage, O man! be constant, and abide in faith, as it springs from Deity. Thus will you find your reward, and true happiness will thereby be obtained, and for your every act in which justice and mercy may find a place, you will as a lasting monument, receive the favor of your Heavenly Father. The man who in his race with his fellow man, seeks to entrap him and hotly presses on his pursuit, with the sole purpose of trampling him beneath his feet, may, by superior artifice, reap the reward of sordid selfish ambition, but of justice, never, for never can a wrong be inflicted where self is the leading motive, without a just retribution, for righteousness cannot view with indifference, any acts of unkindness, shown to man by his one common brother. What will avail the inhabitant of earth, what to him will avail pride of family, titles, or hoards of precious metal, if with these is purchased the freedom of happiness of his fellow travellers. No wealth, no titles, no family honors can erase from the destiny of man that punishment due to his crime. In the journey of life, although whole fields are spread open, teeming with resources, there are beings wanting the very necessities which constitute life; and these are to be cared for and sustained.

O! then may he who possesseth abundantly, consent to pour into the lap of poverty, a portion of his abundance, search out the poor and friendless, seek the disconsolate and give them sympathy. Prove thyself a benefactor to thy kind, so that thy voyage may prove a pleasant and safe one. The man who seeks renown for himself, and becomes envious of a name, great in the annals of his country, and by deeds of bloody daring, signalizes himself as a warrior, or as a statesman, he becomes the object on whom the eye of a nation is turned, as though he were a favorite of Heaven, and worthy of Heaven's choicest gift. This man, great in his own estimation, may flourish, without a seeming obstruction, and yet these emoluments and favors, may be purchased at the price of human liberty, and often with human blood. Would ye obtain favor of high Heaven? strive then to merit it, and draw not on Heaven's favor, only as far as you prove yourselves worthy. Do not shut out the light of spiritualism; give it warmth and encouragement; thus it will strengthen and draw you from the mist and obscurity by which you are now surrounded. I now conclude.

ANTHONY BENEZET.

#### Private Correspondence.

We take the liberty to publish the following extract of a private letter, from our worthy friend and brother, THOMAS GALES FORSTER. He writes us from Batavia, Ohio:

"I shall probably go to Chicago next week, for the purpose of transacting the business of which I spoke to you, for my friend; and I may pay a flying visit home. I know not however, as yet; but at all events, look for me to be on duty in Townsend Hall, to-morrow three weeks, unless something, now unforeseen, should prevent—of which, of course I shall advise you. In the meantime, please address me here, care of J. R. S. BOND, Esq.

"I met with Mr. GRAY, Editor and Proprietor of the *Plain Dealer* in Cleveland, who has just returned from Washington city. He gives an unanticipated and glorious account of our cause among the members of Congress. Among other facts, he states that at least, *one half* the present Congress, are Spiritualists. This is gratifying intelligence, in so far, that it indicates the condition of mind among the general constituency, as respects a cause, but so recently repudiated throughout the country. It forms too, a pleasant opposite to the feeling recently manifested in Congress, when the subject of Spiritualism was ridiculed unrebuked, by a Senator—not one present daring to raise their voice in behalf of the lowly child, but then being cradled, as it were, in the gentle hearts of a few; but the promise of whose now developing youth, bespeaks a glorious manhood in the coming future. God speed the glorious cause, until all selfishness and wrong shall give place to universal love; and both rulers and the ruled, submitting to its sway, the

whole human race shall acknowledge the fraternal tie of a common Brotherhood.

"But, I remember, you do not like long letters; so I will conclude. God bless you and yours; and may good angels ever whisper around and about you. Affectionately your Brother,

THOMAS GALES FORSTER.

#### For the Age of Progress.

*Ira Davenport and his two Sons in Rochester—Reflections on the Questions at Issue—The Narrative of Events continued.*

Look nature through: 'tis revolution all;  
All change; no death.

Still seems it strange that thou shouldst live for ever?  
Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all?  
This is a miracle; and that no more.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Were it possible to summon, in bodily form, the world's great thinkers—the Platos and the Ciceros of the ages past, and to exact from them an opinion as to the most momentous question now agitating the age, they would, undoubtedly, affirm:—that question of man's immortality which is now being demonstrated to the satisfaction of tens of thousands of earth's inhabitants, which the wise and the good in all ages have longed to believe and demonstrate; but which, until now, has never been so forcibly and convincingly presented to a thinking world.

This is, indeed, a new era; the age of speculation and doubt is passing away, and the age of demonstration is being ushered in. But now, as ever, the masses yield their old opinions slowly; age, consecrates error; and truth beckons long and loudly before she is admitted, as a welcome guest, into many hearts. We can not fathom the mysteries of man's nature; but we know that Infinite Goodness works through him by slow, yet sure processes, and that, finally, He will bring harmony out of disorder, and make that plain which now seems inexplicable. Yes, man is an enigma. Watch him as he frets and sports through the ages. How venerable is the dead past, in all its usages, philosophy, religion and modes of thought. One age execrates, banishes and murders the disciples of a new faith or the propagators of a newly proclaimed truth, and the ages succeeding venerate, and, it may be, deify the objects of former contempt and malediction. But, as age after age passes away, with its foibles, the impress of truth remains; something is added to the temple of wisdom; and man, more and more, approximates to the image of Deity. There is hope, then, in the midst of scorn, and strong reason for the exercise of faith in a world of doubt. And, thanks to a beneficent Father, we live in an age when we can meekly smile on the frowner; in a country where opinions are freely canvassed, and as freely rejected, when not in accordance with individual convictions. These are, at least, a part of our privileges; and if we dare not exercise them, we are moral cowards, and recreant to the trust which the age has bequeathed to us. That there are thousands now, as in all times past, who merely follow educational bias, without reflection or without much care, is very true. That there are other thousands who have two sets of opinions—one for private and the other for public use, is, also, very obvious. But thanks to the accumulating wisdom of the age, free thought will have utterance. The representatives of the dead past dare not prevent the voice of the living present from giving utterance to its truths. No, no, Messieurs croakers, laughers, revilers, whether ye wear the ermine robe, the white neckcloth, sit in high places or low, it matters not, for we dare proclaim our conceptions of truth; sneer and revile as you please, truth will live, and it must be recognized either now or in the great future, for only through her "pearly gates" can we find an entrance in a higher life.

But, we can not longer dwell on these thoughts, as we must proceed with the promised narrative of events, which happened on the day succeeding that of which "Joselina" and his compeer so grandiloquently dilated. We will, however, be brief, and hence must omit particularizing all the notable events, which were they less frequent in occurrence would demand great fidelity of portraiture.

It having been announced that a *seance* would be given to a very small number at 10 A. M., on the next day succeeding "the eventful night" referred to, we were present and allowed to take a seat at the table with the mediums, and, of course, were left entirely free to adopt such precautionary measures against imposition as our judgment might dictate.—



Being satisfied on this point, the room was darkened, and, almost immediately there commenced a series of demonstrations which, no amount of incredulity on our part could conscientiously lead us to any other conclusion, than the one which refers their solution to disembodied intelligences. The trumpet was repeatedly spoken through, at an elevation which precluded the idea of any one of the auditors or mediums using the same; the instruments and bells floated around the room, keeping up an incessant vibration and ding-dong, being frequently lowered and brought in contact with the limbs, &c., of those present, sometimes so forcibly as to leave a painful impression of several minutes' duration.—The hat of the writer was taken from his head. We felt it moving, and immediately swang our hands around to feel if any one was near; not succeeding, we asked if any one present had taken that liberty, when immediately we felt a cold pressure on the cheek, as if touched by a folded hand. Besides this, we were touched with the instruments, and handled on various parts of our person, with such a force and under such circumstances as to utterly preclude the idea of any practiced deception. On the appearance of a light we proceeded to search for the hat which had so strangely left us, and found it on a seat on the other side of the room. We then left the chair, and took a seat with two other gentlemen at some distance from the table. The light was again put out, and similar wonders re-enacted. Although sitting, as did one of the gents near by, with one leg stretched out to its full length, it was no impediment to frequent knocks over the head, knees, &c. Now, no embodied presence could have possibly approached either of us, and avoided detection, under the circumstances. Another gentleman—whose hat, containing papers, was placed on an adjoining seat—had abstracted from the same one of the papers, which was deposited in the lap of Mr. H., who was sitting in an oblique direction, on the other side of the room. He spoke of the fact, when a request was made to have the abstracted paper returned.—Presently we heard a crumpling sound approaching. The gent, when the rattling sound indicated a near approach, grasped out his hand; he felt his hand grasp another; it melted away in his grasp, and left him in possession of the paper he had requested. Many other striking circumstances might be mentioned, but we will pass along to the events of the evening. Here, again, we must only outline a very few of the striking phenomena which took place.

In addition to the thumbing of the violin and guitar, &c., the ringing of bells whilst they were apparently floating around the room, at various elevations, a tamborine was carried around and beaten with as much force as if struck by the most powerful of human hands. The spiritually-produced light as we are bound to regard it, which manifested itself this evening, was truly beautiful. Commencing at an elevation of nine or ten feet from the floor, it exhibited a series of rapid circles, scintillating with brilliant points of light. Commencing at a single point on one side of the room, it seemed rapidly to evolve its line of light until several circles were visible in a continued line, as beautiful as a string of stars and more brilliant than diamonds. Indeed, so convincing did the events of this night seem, that one gent. loudly asked the question—if any man of common sense could reject such convincing testimony? "Hold!" spoke the voice from the trumpet, which seemed within about a foot of the ceiling—"Common sense is the most uncommon sense we have." A colloquy now took place, with the narration of which we must close this article.

A gentleman from the other side of the room, and sitting obliquely to the point where the trumpet-voice emanated, asked, if the spirit—or John King, as he calls himself—would converse with him? He was answered in an instant by the same voice, close to his person, "I can't do it." So rapidly was the space traversed, and the answer given, that it was looked upon by many as one of the most convincing proofs of spirit identity, of the evening. To a statement made by Mr. G., that his friend M. was a "Second Advent" man, it was quickly replied—"I'm a first advent man." Questions now became somewhat general, when it was finally agreed that M., the editor of a journal devoted to the propagation of the doctrine of "the annihilation of the wicked," &c., should have the privilege of questioning the spiritual intelligence. We will here remind the reader again, that the voice speaking through the trumpet seemed to proceed from an elevation of within about a foot from the ceiling; and it was also at some distance from the questioner. We can only give a few of the interrogations and answers, as, it being perfectly dark—and not having "Joselina" to assist us—we have to depend on

memory alone for our facts. The questions and answers, as far as we remember them, were as follows:

"Do you believe the Bible to be the word of God?"

"Some of it."

"Well, what portion of it?"

"Every man must judge of that as he would anything else."

"Do you believe it to be inspired?"

"Some of it."

"Do you believe in a physical resurrection?"

"No! old bones flying through the air! Ha! ha!"

"Are you dead?"

"Man never dies!"

"How do you know?"

"By experience!"

"But the Bible says"—here the gentleman quoted from Job, a passage which, taken literally, and in one sense of view, seemingly favored his theory of annihilation—"what say you to that?"

"I don't believe it!"

"But the Bible tells us that it is so; what do you say to its plain declaration?"

"I say, that if it says so, it is a great error."

"Then you don't believe the Bible?"

"Not all of it."

"What authority, then, have we to appeal to, to decide for us, which is and which is not true?"

Here a gentleman in the audience said, that every man must be his own authority, decide for himself; to which a quick response came—"That is it!" and loud raps were given on the table, at the same time.

At this point, several remarks were made, by a portion of the audience, which had the effect of preventing further questioning on the part of the Rev. editor; the manifestations, however, continued for some time longer, and, we should judge, that it was generally conceded by those present, that most convincing proofs of spirit presence had been given.

Rochester, Dec. 24, 1855.

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### S. B. Brittan's answer to Mahan.

#### CHAPTER I.

The reputed social, scientific, and religious position of Rev. A. Mahan, First President of Cleveland University, had prepared us to anticipate from his pen a work of decided interest and power. With the name we had long associated our ideal of the man, which ascribed to him superior natural endowments, liberal culture, and a degree of ingenuousness and logical acumen which are certainly nowhere discoverable in the volume before us. Entertaining our first impressions respecting the author, and learning that his book was in press, we ventured to indulge the agreeable expectation that the claims of the spiritual facts and philosophy were soon to be tried by one whom nature, education, and "the means of grace" had thoroughly qualified for the task. The prospect, though dim and uncertain, was full of novelty and encouragement; for since the time when there was a "Richmond in the field," no independent and magnanimous champion of popular materialism had appeared undisguised before the people. True, the Spiritualists had, from time to time, been introduced to a number of curious automatic machines in human shape, all of which were ascertained to possess *the mysterious instinct of knowing which way the wind blows*, and a self-adjusting power to spread themselves, more or less as occasion requires, whenever the popular breeze is in the right direction. Inspired and moved by this same invisible agency, many learned and unlearned pretenders to a knowledge of occult forces, abruptly appeared in the polemical arena, and challenged the whole spiritual world to meet them! But the innumerable angels and spirits of the Univercelum did appear to think that the occasion demanded their immediate presence with the whole "artillery of heaven," and so they kept about their business, leaving those inflated souls to amuse themselves, to feed on their own empty speculations, and to shame even monkeydom by their fantastic tricks.

But at length those who once relished this kind of fare began to be dissatisfied, and the most erratic and reckless opposers seemed to feel the need of something more substantial than the air he had himself corrupted. Even skepticism could not long subsist on that, and hold his own. The opposition had a chill and was unable to be out much. Knowing



that it was daily becoming more feeble and might ignobly perish for want of suitable nourishment, we were not inclined to complain if, in one way or another, its most pressing necessities were to be supplied at our expense. Indeed it was a satisfaction to reflect that the opposition had at least one man of more liberal and substantial resources, who was really able and willing to offer the public a respectable entertainment, even though we might be dissected to serve the guests at his table.

The late work by Prof. Mahan has disappointed our reasonable expectations, and it will require but a cursory examination to satisfy the critical reader that the author is out of his appropriate sphere. In reasoning against the spiritual theory of the manifestations, he generally assumes his premises without proof and against probability, and at the same time his method of reaching a conclusion suggests the idea of substituting locomotion for logic. The author puts forth the most chimerical notions with as much confidence as philosophers assert axiomatic principles. Indeed, the book abounds in arrogant assumptions, and the most transparent sophistry. Almost every page reveals the author's want of careful observation in the department of Spiritual Science, while his knowledge of the psychological laws, which underlie the most significant phenomena, is manifestly superficial.

We should certainly be pleased to pause here, but a more serious objection yet remains to be stated. Professor Mahan is equally unscrupulous in his methods, whether the opinion of an individual, or his reputation, is to be disposed of. His limited information rarely prevents or restrains the expression of his judgment. Whether treating of principles or men, his dogmatic philosophy admits no doubtful issues. All his conclusions are *irresistible*. Even when his knowledge of the subject under consideration is extremely limited, he often preserves the same confident manner and imperious tone. The well-known attributes of an individual are disregarded, the incidents of personal history overlooked, and the testimony of responsible witnesses is set aside as wholly unnecessary in forming a righteous judgment of his real character and peculiar claims. The first part of the author's work, wherein he essays to canvass the personal claims of A. J. Davis and the principles of his "Nature's Divine Revelations," will be found to justify these remarks. Even the beggar in the parable, who depended on the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, was not more in need of respectable clothing and wholesome viands, than this writer is of genuine facts and reliable information—in this part of his work—and what is still more surprising, he seems unconscious of his poverty. Prof. Mahan may be a gentleman of liberal scientific attainments, for aught we know to the contrary. However, he has not been able to render his learning available in this case; and if Nature ever designed him for an expositor of her subtle mysteries, her purpose has been signally defeated. As a pretended explanation of spiritual phenomena, the claims of his book are simply preposterous. The author himself may for the present, be held in higher estimation than those who preceded him in the hazardous experiment of writing on a subject which they did not understand; but it is only because he is a fresh sacrifice at the shrine of popular ignorance and prejudice. Being the last to break his devoted head beneath the unyielding walls of the Spiritual Zion, he may hope to be remembered until the advent of his successor.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### MR. DAVIS AND HIS REVELATIONS.

We design to limit the present Review to a brief discussion of the general ideas and positions which Prof. Mahan assumes in the first and second parts of his book, wherein he considers the Revelations of A. J. Davis, and attempts to explain and expose the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. The remaining portions, in which he examines the claims of the Bible to Divine inspiration, and analyzes the clairvoyant revelations of Emanuel Swedenborg, we shall probably have to leave unnoticed.

We do not propose an exposition or defense of the principles comprehended in "Nature's Divine Revelations." There are ideas which appear to the present writer to be fundamental in the philosophy of that book, which we have never believed, and can not now accept. But it is not necessary to defend its cardinal principles and doctrines; we need not so much accept a single idea it contains, in order to perceive its significance and value as evidence in behalf of Spiritualism. Our author takes a very narrow view of the whole subject. He views the wonderful experience of Mr. Davis and his remarkable Revelations, not in the calm light of a rational philosophy, but as a violent partizan or an intolerant dogmatist

might be expected to regard them. He even denounces, by implication, the passive instrument through which the Revelations were communicated, as guilty of "imposture before the world," in the simple act of unconsciously giving them utterance. He assumes this illiberal and untenable position in the first paragraph following the preface to the book. A brief extract will suffice to show the author's position, and also to expose the arrogance, ignorance and injustice which disfigure no inconsiderable portion of the volume. We copy page 1:

When any new and very gross absurdity is commended to public regard, men of real science, theologians especially, pass it by, under the impression that should they expose the imposition, they would appear to the public in the repulsive light of "answering a fool according to his folly." It is this fear, we think, rather than a prudent regard to the public welfare, which has shielded modern "Spirit revelations" from that degree of scientific scrutiny requisite to unmask the imposture before the world. Whatever may be thought of the subject in general, the writings of the individual whose name stands at the head of this article seem to demand a critical examination.

Here all modern media for "Spirit-revelations" are virtually charged with *imposture*; but as the chapter under review is especially devoted to Mr. Davis and his first book, we shall give our own observations a similar direction and bearing. The writer of this review was personally well acquainted with Mr. Davis long before the latter commenced dictating the Revelations. Being on familiar terms with him and his principal associates during the very time he was thus employed, and having been present as a witness on several occasions during the progressive unfolding of the work, we are doubtless better qualified to speak with confidence than Prof. Mahan, whose very positive assertions are contradicted by our own knowledge. During the delivery of "Nature's Divine Revelations," Mr. Davis was profoundly entranced, and so far removed from the sphere of outward consciousness as to be temporarily absolved from the obligations of the earth-life. At that time his states were pre-eminently distinct.—It is true that the impressions derived from the realities of the inner life, have since progressively descended to the external memory, and have thus, in a good degree, become incorporated with the ordinary powers and possessions of his mind. But in Mr. Davis' early experience there was no such blending of the two states. In the ordinary condition he was untaught, destitute of extraordinary gifts, and totally unable to converse on any literary, scientific or other important subject. But the trance measurably released the spirit from its mortal restraints, and gave him the key to vast treasures of knowledge. So clear and comprehensive was his vision, that neither distance nor the most solid substances appeared to offer any barrier to his observations. The essential principles and uses, and the technical nomenclature of many arts and sciences, were at his command. Of all these things his mind, in its outward relations, was uninformed. Of course, in his state of waking consciousness he was no more accountable for what had been uttered during the trance, than the reader is responsible for his dreams or for unconsciously talking in his sleep.

The Revelations which Prof. Mahan undertakes to review in the book before us, are far more remarkable than any of the recent works of Mr. Davis; and yet, as has been observed, they were spoken before time had developed his manhood, or his faculties had been roused to action by intercourse with the world. At that time his habits were extremely simple; we often saw him under the most trying circumstances, and yet he manifested extraordinary gentleness and forbearance. All his acts were apparently unstudied, and on every occasion he exhibited the artlessness and spontaneity of a child. He was alike indifferent to fame and the advantages of a commanding social position. The little circle of his thoughts was comprehended within the narrow limits of his youthful experience and observation, save when some hand, visible or invisible, was laid upon him, and he was borne away in Spirit to the wider spheres of his interior life. Of these early revelations we may affirm that they were prompted by no mercenary motive on the part of the medium. A single fact is worth a thousand conjectures, and one will suffice to settle this point forever, in the mind of the candid reader. As soon as the work in question was completed, and while it remained in manuscript, Mr. Davis made a donation to a personal friend of his entire interest in the same. He has never had any worldly concern in the sale of the work. The book has passed through twelve editions in this country, and has been republished in England, and yet we believe, that up to this very hour, all the pecuniary advantage which Mr. Davis has derived from its publication has not amounted to a single shilling.



In the light of the facts just presented, Prof. Mahan will find it extremely difficult to justify the imputation of imposture, at least so far as the implied charge rests on the origin of these or any similar revelations. To constitute a man an impostor, three things are especially necessary. 1. He must assume a character not his own. 2. He must be conscious of what he is doing at the time. 3. It must be his object to practice deception. Admitting the general correctness of this definition, it is easy to perceive that the Revelations of A. J. Davis contain about as much evidence of imposture as the growth of his hair or the beating of his pulse. We may further add, in this connection, that the trance mediums for Spirit-intercourse are equally irresponsible. Many of them are totally unable to resist the powers which come to them from the invisible and unknown realms. They are, therefore, no more guilty of imposture than those who unexpectedly take cold or "catch the measles." Whoever asserts that they are, not only perverts the English language, but he libels humanity without a cause.

Respecting the intrinsic character of "Nature's Divine Revelations," we have a word to offer. They certainly contain much important truth that must serve to enlarge the reader's conceptions of Nature, to quicken the mental faculties, and to inspire the heart with deeper human sympathies. We also find many things which do not admit of demonstration by any one of our recognized methods of testing the truth of a proposition, while some things are *positively erroneous* in statement, and of questionable tendency. Similar elements enter into the composition of all books, so far as our knowledge extends. It is not our purpose to attempt a further illustration of the truth embodied in the Revelations; nor shall we seek a solution of their doubtful problems; and, least of all, are we disposed to sanction the errors they contain, by so much as an implied indorsement. Mr. Davis himself, we venture to presume, will never defend them. What, then, can Prof. Mahan reasonably hope to accomplish by proving, what no one pretends to deny, viz., that the Revelations contain some important errors? (What Revelations do not?) Yet our author seems to imagine, that if he can only find a few facts(?) or scientific, theological, and historical errors, they will serve at once to neutralize *the truth* in the book, and to dissipate its legitimate claims forever. To such absurd conclusions does theological dogmatism lead its willing victims! It must have a revelation to which Reason and Nature are subservient or it will have none at all. The conscious manhood, and the divine attributes in man, are all of less account in its estimation, than the mere records and relics of an ancient inspired life. The orthodox classification of sacred books admits of no reasonable discrimination. It makes one broad distinction and recognizes no intermediate degrees. It virtually assumes that any book which claims to be a revelation is either all God's word, or it is literally a device of Satan. Thus do men pervert their natural instincts and the God-given attribute of reason. And while they invest the dead letter of the Jewish and Christian Revelations with a Divine, unerring authority, they seem anxious to *choke* the spirit of a living inspiration.

Prof. Mahan assumes that the Revelations of Mr. Davis claim a similar authority over the human mind. We are told that because the Seer is "impressed," others are required to believe. *It is not so.* On the contrary, this is a gross misrepresentation of the whole spirit and purpose of the book. We quote from the first and last paragraphs of the "OPENING ADDRESS TO THE WORLD:"

BRETHREN: Fear not, for Error is mortal and can not live, and Truth is immortal and can not die! Duty demands serious analysis and investigation of all conspicuous subjects. Truth may be found in the following Revelation: if so, *Nature must be the standard by which all men may judge whether the truths therein contained are pure, practical and elevating.* Inasmuch as all terrestrial creations are the spontaneous productions of the Divine mind, no truth is lessened by disbelief—no error is made true because the learned received it as such. Nothing can be changed that is unchangeable, by man or his actions. Then press onward! Exercise your choicest gift, which is *Reason*—and fear no corruption from truth, though new; and expect no good from error, though long believed. \* \* \* \*

Your duty is to *search*; and after searching, *ask Nature and your own superior judgments how much practical truth there is herein revealed.* In doing this, you will display the dignity of your natures, perform your highest duty, relieve the most unbounded interior approbation, and obtain MENTAL HAPPINESS.—See *Nature's Divine Revelations.*

The despot whose word is law is not accustomed to explain the principles of his government, much less is he disposed to recognize, in the subject, the right to approve or to disapprove of his administration. The man who vainly supposes that he is competent to teach absolute truth,

utters his *ipse dixit* and retires. But no such spirit pervades the Revelations. Throughout the volume the reasoning faculties are everywhere addressed; facts are stated, principles are discussed, reasons are assigned and objections anticipated; and the reader is exhorted to subject every theory, hypothesis, philosophy, sect, creed and institution, and all books to the ordeal of a calm and searching investigation.

Spiritualism is chiefly concerned with the extraordinary psychical facts developed in the life of Mr. Davis, rather than in the contents of his books. Whether truth or error predominates in the latter is a consideration of secondary importance, as it regards the question of our immortality and the nature of the soul's life. But *his experience* is a lucid revelation of the most significant and sublime truths. It demonstrates that there is an inner and more perfect life, wherein the lusts of the flesh are sublimated or forgotten, the senses quickened and spiritualized, and the mind immeasurably expanded and exalted.

During the last six years we have been less familiar with Mr. Davis than formerly. How far the powers of this world, which lead most men astray, may have modified his disposition and character, we can not so positively affirm. Suffice it to say, that no act of his recent or his future life can blot out his experience or render his revelations an imposture. A critical examination of his life might possibly disclose some of the imperfections which are so conspicuous in his reviews. But if we are to discredit the truth because men make mistakes, who will hereafter honor Moses, David, Solomon, or St. Peter? The question which regards the psychical experience of Mr. Davis, and its importance to Spiritualism, must be decided at last by an appeal to facts which no one will presume to deny. In the attempt to decide such a question, by assailing *the man*, our author justly forfeits his claims to the character of a scientific investigator. No *moral* issue, founded on specific acts of his subsequent life, or deriving their existence from improbable rumors in Ohio or elsewhere, can influence the final decision. Mortals may err, but no man has ever uttered a great thought or performed one Godlike deed in vain. What if great men have fallen from high places, and the pure in heart have been corrupted; the laws of Nature are immutable and God is true. The very bones of the ancient philosophers, poets, seers and prophets were long since reduced to impalpable dust; no friend weeps over their ruined and forgotten sepulchers, but the truth that was spoken can never die.

#### A Needed Movement.

Two years ago, Rev. Warren Burton, of Boston, who is devoting himself to the cause of Domestic Education, proposed, through newspapers and circulars, to the people of his own State, that there should be meetings during the more leisure season, to discuss questions appertaining to Family Discipline, and to the relation of the Home to the School. In places, the measure was adopted with very gratifying results. Besides customary speakers, others made effective addresses who had never spoken in public before, and latent talent was unexpectedly brought out.—The young manifested peculiar interest, and were stimulated to new efforts for improvement. The relation of the home to the school, and of the school to the community, was better understood, and the cause of education advanced. Ladies sent in communications both instructive and entertaining, to be read on the occasions, showing that through similar opportunity, female talent in every town might be elicited, and put to noble use.

Now that the long evenings have again come, why shall not this useful movement be carried, at once, widely beyond the State where it started? Anxious parents, earnest teachers, public-spirited men and women! think, confer, co-operate, persevere, and it is done.

A few topics for consideration are subjoined as a specimen, and, possibly, to save time at first in seeking; numerous others will doubtless occur in the course of procedure.

#### QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION.

1. What combined movement of neighborhood or town could be entered on for the improvement of schools, and especially to effect a reform in the morals and manners of the young?
2. How much should parents depend on school teachers to correct the bad dispositions and habits of their children? and how far are teachers justly responsible for the conduct of their pupils out of school?
3. How early should a child be made to obey the parent; and how shall reverence be induced and authority maintained, without that fear



on the one part, and coldness and distance on the other, which formerly prevailed?

4. At what age, and in what manner, should the first religious impressions be made? and how should spiritual culture be continued?

5. What is the best method of cultivating a spirit of active good-doing, and of self-sacrifice in behalf of others? and to what degree does such a disposition promote the happiness of the possessor?

6. There are about thirty thousand persons imprisoned in the United States for real or supposed crime; in what way, and how far, does such crime originate in the early home? What can, and ought each community to do towards prevention?

7. What effect has much of the light reading of the present day on the character of the young? and what is to be done with reference thereto?

8. How can it best be ascertained for what occupation in life a boy has the most natural fitness? and should any difference be made in the previous education at home or school, with reference to this?

9. Should not children be early trained to work with their hands for the sake, at least, of forming a useful habit, whatever the condition of the parents as to wealth?

10. How do luxuries for the palate, together with the irregular use of them, affect the health of children? What is the influence on the moral character?

11. What is the cause of the early decay of female health in this country? and what is the remedy?

12. Would not a sanitary investigation and a report by a committee, be of great service in every town, by making known existing and possible causes of sickness, especially those appertaining to the location and other material conditions of dwellings?

#### Anecdotes of Avarice.

My Lord Hardwicke, the late Lord Chancellor, who is said to be worth £800,000, sets the same value on half a crown now as he did when he was worth only £100. That great captain, the Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage of life, and very infirm, would walk from the public room in Bath to his lodgings, in a cold, dark night, to save sixpence in chair hire. If the duke, who left at his death more than a million and a half sterling, could have foreseen that all his wealth and honors were to be inherited by a grandson of my Lord Trevor's who had been one of his enemies, would he have been so careful to save a sixpence for the sake of his heir? Not for the sake of his heir, but he would always have saved a sixpence. Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver in George's Coffee-house, and paying two-pence for his dish of coffee, was helped into his charriot (for he was then lame and infirm,) and went home; sometime after he returned to the same coffee-house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad half-penny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James had about £40,000 per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir. I knew one Sir Thomas Colby, who lived at Kensington, and was, I think, a commissioner in the Victualing Office; he killed himself by rising in the middle of the night, when he was in a very profuse sweat, the effect of a medicine which he had taken for that purpose, and walking down stairs to look for the key of his cellar, which he had inadvertently left on a table in his parlor; he was apprehensive that his servants might seize the key and rob him of a bottle of port wine. This man died intestate, and left more than £1,200,000 in the funds, which was shared among five or six day-laborers, who were his nearest relations. Sir William Smythe, of Bedfordshire, who was my kinsman, when he was near seventy, was wholly deprived of his sight: he was persuaded to be couched by Taylor the oculist, who, by agreement, was to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was able to read and write without the use of spectacles during the rest of his life; but as soon as the operation was performed, and seeing the good effects of it, instead of being overjoyed, as any other person would have been, he began to lament the loss (as he called it) of his sixty guineas. His contrivance, therefore, was how to cheat the oculist; he pretended that he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing perfectly; for that reason the bandage on his eye was continued a month longer than the usual time. By this means he obliged Taylor to compound the bargain, and accept of twenty guineas; for a covetous man thinks no method dishonest which he may legally practice to save his money.—*Dr. King's Anecdotes of his own Times.*

#### Follow Your Leader.

##### THE STORY OF A LIFE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

'Follow your leader!' So said HORE,  
In the joyous days when I was young.  
O'er meadow path, up mountain slope,  
Through fragrant woods, I followed and sung;  
And aye in the sunny air she smiled,  
Bright as the cherub in Paphos born,  
And aye my soul with a glance she wiled,  
And tinged all earth with the hues of morn.  
Long she led me o'er hill and hollow,  
Through rivers wide, o'er mountains dun,  
Till she soared at last too high to follow,  
And singled her pinions in the sun.

'Follow your leader!' So said LOVE,  
Or a fairy sporting in his guise.  
I followed to lift the challenging glove  
Of many a maid with tell-tale eyes.  
I followed, and dreamed of young delights,  
Of passionate kisses, joyous pains,  
Of hushed words in sleepless nights,  
And amorous tear-drops thick as rains.  
But, ah! full soon the frenzy slackened;  
There came a darkness and dimmed the ray,  
The passion cooled, the sunshine blackened,  
I lost the glory of my day.

'Follow your leader!' So said FAME  
In the calmer hours of my fruitful noon.  
O'er briery paths, through frost, through flame,  
By torrent, and swamp, and wild lagoon,  
Ever she led me, and ever I went,  
With bleeding feet and sun-brown skin,  
Eager ever and uncontent,  
As long as life had a prize to win.  
But Dead-Sea apples alone she gave me  
To recompense me for my pain,  
And still, though her luring hand she wave me,  
I may not follow her steps again.

'Follow your leader!' So said GOLD,  
Ere the brown of my locks gave place to grey.  
I could not follow—her looks were cold;  
Icy and brittle was the way.  
And GOLD spread forth her wiles in vain,  
So taking POWER to aid her spell,  
'Follow your leaders!' exclaimed the twain,  
'For where we go shall pleasure dwell.'  
I followed, and followed, till age came creeping,  
And silvered the hair on my aching head,  
And I lamented in vigils weeping  
A youth misspent, and a prime misled.

'Follow your leader!' I hear a voice  
Whispering to my soul this hour;—  
'Who follows my light for ever rejoice,  
Nor crave the perishing arm of Power;  
Who follows my steps shall for ever hold  
A blessing purer than earthly Love,  
Brighter than Fame, richer than Gold—  
So follow my light and look above.'  
'Tis late to turn, but refuse I may not,  
My trustful eyes are heavenwards cast,  
And ever the sweet voice says, 'Delay not,  
I'm thy first leader and thy last.

'Tis the friend of my youth come back again,  
Sobered and chastened—but lovelier far  
Than when in those days of sun and rain  
She shone in my path as a guiding star.  
She led me then, a wayward boy,  
To things of Earth, and never of Heaven,  
But now she whispers diviner joy,  
Of errors blotted, of sins forgiven.  
To a purpling sky she points her finger,  
As westward wearily I plod,  
And while I follow her steps, I linger  
Calm as herself, in the faith of God.

#### New Views of the Spirit-Land.

On Sunday evening last a lecture was delivered in Brooklyn by the Rev. Samuel Beswick, a disciple of Swedenborg. The most prominent features of his theory are, that our spirits during life are in constant association with those of the departed, and that when, as in the cases mentioned in the Bible, the senses of the spirit are opened in the spirit-world



at the same time that the bodily senses are opened, the phenomena and objects of both worlds will be seen, heard and felt at the same time.—This he speaks of as the first law of our being, and applies to every spiritual manifestation narrated in the Bible.

This leads him to maintain that heaven and hell do not refer to time or place, but condition—that they are within us and not without us.

He then adduces a variety of quotations to show by the Bible that the spirit-world is where the soul is, and that it is ever in it night and day, from birth to death; also that the soul is a substantial, organized human form, like the body, as Samuel was seen by the Witch of Endor, Moses and Elias at the Transfiguration, the fellow-prophet that John the Revelator bowed down to, and all who have been seen in vision or in the spirit, as recorded in the Old and New Testaments.

In regard to modern spiritual manifestations, he insists that the Biblical facts and phenomena relating to spiritual intercourse, are superior to anything that has ever yet been presented to the world from the time of the prophets until the present time, and that no other series of revelations relating thereto are so comprehensive, so powerfully exponential, so exquisitely gorgeous and immense, or present such displays of grandeur, power, majesty, and glory, or exhibit the spirit-land on such an immense scale and in such glowing colors. Also, that there is no series of revelations from any one man, or any number of men that bears the same undeniable marks of demonstrative consistency in all the details as the Biblical series—and that no fundamental fact or law has ever yet been presented to the world that the Biblical series does not obviously exhibit.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

#### Superstition of the French Emperor.

The Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* says; "I had occasion, yesterday, to talk at great length with a person who had assisted at the interrogatories of Bellemarre, the last of the emperor's assassins; and after giving me some details which were the confirmation of those I wrote to you at the time, this gentleman went into some little intimate particulars concerning Louis Napoleon's own character and habits, which coming as they do from a man who was brought up with him (by his mother, Hortense Beauharnais) and who now sees him for hours, intimately—perhaps, two or three times a week, are not divested of a certain interest. We talked of his fatalism, and my informant exclaimed, 'No Mussulman ever carried it to that height; not only has he all his life been a fatalist ingrain, but his superstition attaches itself to persons and objects the most extraordinary, and surprises you all at once, there where you never expected to be.' Apropos to this, this gentleman told me two anecdotes, to both of which he was an eye-witness, and which are certainly curious in their way. Some years ago, when the then Prince Louis was affianced to his cousin Mathilde, the betrothed pair were both at Arenenberg, the ex-Queen Hortense's villa, near the lake of Constance where was also the narrator of the tale. They had both fixed upon a certain young oak tree in the park with great affection, and made it an object of especial care. One day something took the whole party at Arenenberg to Constance; and between the hour of their departure and that of their return, a tremendous thunder storm burst forth, and the oak tree in question was struck by lightning. The prince and his intended bride went to visit their forest favorite; and while looking fixedly at the shivered stem before them, Prince Louis, in the presence of my informant, laid his hand on his cousin's arm, and said, very seriously, 'And so it will be with our plans, Mathilde,' and shaking his head, 'we shall never marry depend upon it.'

"This same strange spirit of association with regard to inanimate objects (common, as far as that goes, to all superstitious people) has inspired Louis Napoleon with an intense liking for a certain cypress tree in the garden of the Elysee. This tree, when he was President, attracted his attention, from its half-withered, sickly state; and he set to work to doctor it—trying no end of experiments to make it flourish. At length he succeeded; and the tree, when he left the Elysee, was in excellent condition, as it has remained ever since. The Emperor's solicitude about it is, however, intense; and whatever may call him to the Elysee, his first care is to go straight and inspect this cypress. When the Duke of Cambridge passing through Paris last May twelvemonth, had a fete given him at the Elysee, the Empress issued orders that not a corner of the garden should remain unhung with lamps, and that every shrub should be alive with light.

"The person charged with executing these orders determined, however, that no lamp should approach the cypress, for fear of accidents, and here it remained dark and unlike all its neighbors. When the Empress came to examine the preparations making for the fete, she espied a tree evidently forgotten in the general distribution of what was to be one sheet of colored flame. While the Emperor was engaged elsewhere, she summoned the head manager of the works, M. Lacroix, (an old friend of Louis Napoleon,) and asked the meaning of what she saw. The reply was, that no lamp or spark of fire must come near that tree—for fear.' 'For fear of what?' said the Empress. 'That is the Emperor's tree—the cypress of l'Empereur,' was the further remark; 'it must not be touched.' The Empress's astonishment waxed stronger. 'Do you mean,' said she, laughingly, 'that if I were to tell you to root up that tree, you could not do it?' 'I most assuredly could not,' was M. Lacroix's answer. Meanwhile the Emperor joined the group, and said quickly, 'What is the Empress saying to you there, Lacroix?' The gentleman thus addressed was about to reply, but the Empress, beforehand with him, observed, gayly, 'I was asking M. Lacroix if he would have that tree rooted up if I ordered him.' 'What tree—the cypress?' was the Emperor's retort; and instantly changing the conversation, he drew the Empress's arm under his own, and walked away."

#### POWER OF GENTLENESS.

No man was ever brought to repentance by angry words, by bitter and scornful reproaches. He fortifies himself against reproof, and hurls back foul charges in the face of his accuser. Yet, guilty and hardened as he seems, he has a heart in his bosom, and may be melted to tears by a gentle voice. Whose, therefore, can restrain his disposition to blame and find fault, and can bring himself down to a fallen brother, will soon find a way to better feelings within. Pity and patience are the two keys which unlock the human heart. They, who have been the most successful laborers among the poor and vicious, have been the most forbearing. Said the celebrated St. Vincent de Paul: "If it has pleased God to employ the most miserable of men for the conversion of some souls, they have themselves confessed that it was by the patience and sympathy he had for them. Even the convicts among whom I have lived can be gained in no other way. When I have kissed their chains, and showed compassion for their distress and keen sensibility for their disgrace, then have they listened to me; then have they given glory to God, and placed themselves in the way of salvation.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

No truth is self-evident, save that of man's immortality. Everything else requires the concurrent testimony of numerous witnesses, but this great truth is of itself so majestic and so grand, that all corroboration from or by that which exists outside of itself, does but obscure it as with darkening clouds. Trumpet tongued the soul proclaims its own immortal destiny, until the whole universe is filled with the swelling diapason.

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